



*The last time I came o'er the Muir.*

Larghetto

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THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

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THE last time I came o'er the muir,  
I left my love behind me ;  
Ye pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,  
When soft ideas mind me !  
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
The beaming day ensuing,  
I met betimes my lovely maid,  
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay  
Gazing and chastely sporting ;  
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
Till night spread her black curtain.  
I pitied all below the skies,  
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me ;  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me ;  
Yet hopes again to see my love,  
To feast on glowing kisses,  
Shall make my cares at distance move,  
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
To let a rival enter ;  
Since she excels in every grace,  
In her my love shall center.  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the ALPS shall cover,  
On GREENLAND ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
She shall a lover find me,  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Though I left her behind me.  
Then HYMEN's sacred bands shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom ;  
There, while my being doth remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

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